

The Evening World.

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"LET THE PUBLIC MAKE GOOD."

WHETHER or not the proposed two-cent transfer—which amounts to the transfer of an additional \$7,000,000 a year or better from the pockets of New Yorkers to the treasuries of the street railway corporations—was expressly designed to cover the cost of last year's strike on various city lines, the public hearing on the Third Avenue Railway Company's petition has recalled a significant fact:

Five years ago the Public Service Commission ordered the Third Avenue Company to set aside 20 per cent. of its gross receipts as a depreciation fund to insure the public against extra demands the corporation might be moved to make to compensate itself for losses sustained by reason of strikes or other abnormal conditions. The company declined to obey this order on the ground that, since there was no depreciation, no such depreciation fund could be needed.

Highly pertinent at this moment, as Assistant Corporation Counsel Rosensohn points out, is the reminder that "if the Third Avenue Company had obeyed the order of the Public Service Commission in 1912 and set aside 20 per cent. of its gross receipts there would have been on hand a fund sufficient to pay for the strike the company faced about a year ago."

"The public should not be compelled to pay this 20 per cent.," adds Mr. Rosensohn, "for that is precisely what the company asks this commission's permission to do."

Last year's strike may constitute part of the damage. But there is a long, complicated record of stock-watering, overcapitalization and inside profit-taking behind the street railway systems of this city which amply accounts for their present efforts to push a little deeper into the public's pockets.

Directly anything happens which threatens to reduce by ever so little the dividends these corporations are able to declare over and above the cost of carrying old loads and paying fancy returns on leases inherited from old deals, their first cry is sure to be:

"LET THE PUBLIC MAKE GOOD."

That is what is behind this two-cent transfer drive launched by the street railway companies.

That is why the Public Service Commission and every organization interested in the protection of the public's rights should rally to its defense, bring the drive to a standstill, and force these corporations to meet the consequences of their own past reckless methods of finance by some other means than an additional levy upon the earnings of men and women who have to subtract from wages the nickels and dimes it costs them to go to and from their work.

"In the last five months," Mr. Hoover told the Senate Committee on Agriculture, "\$250,000,000 has been extracted from the American consumer in excess of normal profits of manufacturers and distributors."

"With reasonable manufacturers' and distributors' profit the price of flour should not have been over \$9 a barrel. Yet it averages \$14."

Face to face with such conditions and no guarantee as yet against worse to come, can the average American wage-earner yearn to fight for his country, leaving wife and children to struggle with plunderers and profiteers as best they may?

If he is selected to serve as a worker rather than as a fighter, can he fail to with courage and confidence that at least he will be protected from treachery and pillage as he toils? Upon him depend industry and prosperity. Upon industry and prosperity depends national strength to endure. Upon endurance depends victory.

Surely he is worth considering.

HANG OUT EVERY ITALIAN FLAG!

THERE will be nothing lacking in the city's welcome to the Italian Commission, which arrives to-morrow.

The Italians of New York, who have proved their loyalty to the nation, can count upon all good citizens to join them in enthusiastic greeting for the distinguished guests who represent another Ally in the great cause.

One detail, however, deserves all the emphasis the reception committee has put upon it: Italian flags should be displayed in the greatest possible numbers. The principal streets of the city are already bright with the Stars and Stripes and the flags of Great Britain and France. Nothing is more certain to give heartfelt pleasure to the Italian visitors as they are driven about New York than to see the flag of their country holding its own among the flags of all the Allies.

It is unfortunate that the supply of Italian flags is limited by the fact that more work is required to make them. But, in any case, by to-morrow there should not be a single one in the possession of any New Yorker that is not aloft or draped where it can be seen.

Supreme submarine chaser is a fine title. May Admiral Sims earn a permanent right to it!

Hits From Sharp Wits

A Florida counterfeiter has been making tin nickels. Maybe that accounts for the shortness in the tin can crop.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

To the jealous eyes the success of another is the unpardonable crime.—Milwaukee News.

What would be the result if we always followed the advice we give to others?—Chicago News.

Never grant a privilege unless you are willing to have it come to be regarded as a right.—Albany Journal.

Food manipulators make a specialty of hitting their victims in the stomach.—Toledo Blade.

Those who have least worth saying often do the most talking.—Albany Journal.

The devil likes to run across a lone man in a big town.—Toledo Blade.

The old fashioned farmer who used to get up at 3 A. M. now has a son

who wants to save an hour of daylight beginning at 9 A. M.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When women get men's wages will they reciprocate and turn over the pay envelope?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It may be fortunate for a fool that he does not know he is one, but it's awfully rough on the rest of us.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

When a woman gets a love letter from her husband she appreciates it if it has a check in it.—Chicago News.

It's queer, but the man who never says anything is often taken at his word.—Binghamton Press.

A convincing orator is one who has seen enough to shirk up before his audience acquires that tired feeling.—Chicago News.

Of course the divorce problem is one of abstraction.—Petersburg Call.

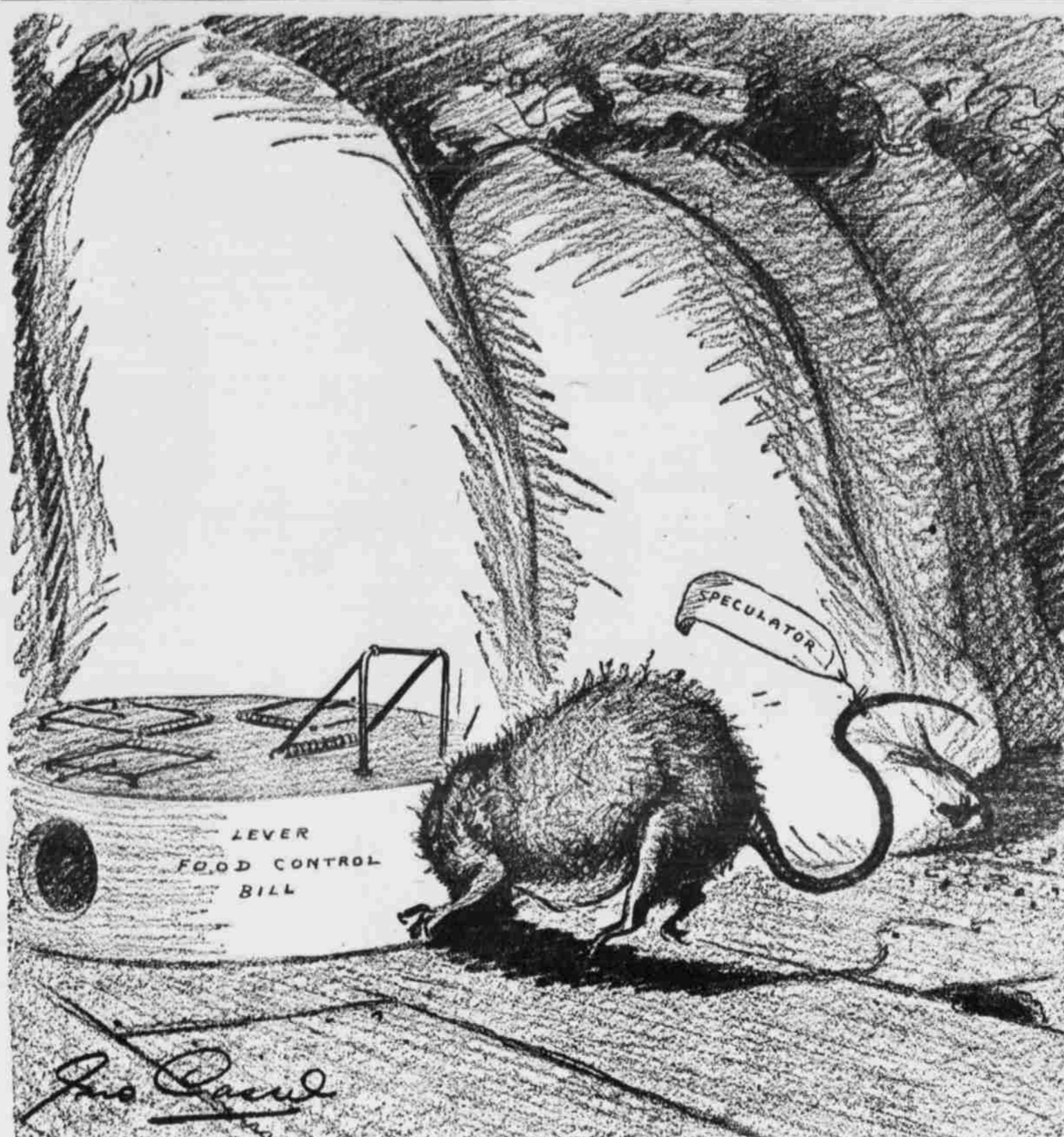
All girls like a nice man. Unless there's a nicer one.—Milwaukee News.

Evening World Daily Magazine

The Way to Catch the Rat!

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By J. H. Cassel



Day's Work Determines Promotions

Faithful Performance of Every Day Duties Constructs Steps That Lead to Bigger Jobs "Higher Up."

This Salesmanship article is the seventh in a series of extracts from addresses delivered by men of recognized authority at the World's Salesmanship Congress, held last week in Detroit.

By Patterson Farmer

District Manager, E. L. Burnett Co., Inc.

PROMOTION opportunities open up at every turn to the man who has developed and is developing now each day his capacity four-square and who has all through his business career, be it short or long, laid a broad and solid foundation of confidence and satisfaction.

Often it is, apparently, some minor thing that secures promotion, when in reality it has been years of concentrated application that prepared him for doing just that little thing so well.

It was mere polite attention by a clerk to an apparently plain uninteresting woman who stepped into a store in New York one rainy day, when the other clerks were absorbed in talking to one another, that secured for him the entire charge of the furnishing of Skibo Castle for Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. But polite and interested attention was so long a fixed habit with this young man as to be constant with him. That is it; make good qualities habits and make the habit so fixed as to become characteristic.

If you satisfy the highest standards that you yourself should accept for your work, your superior is bound to find the quality in it meriting your promotion.

If I were asked what is the greatest essential to achievement to success, to promotion, I would say a great determination to accomplish that end, a strong unbending will.

Without determination Watt would not have produced his steam engine.

Fire-Fighting Trolley Car Makes Its Appearance

DULUTH, Minn., has the only fire-fighting trolley car so far recorded. It has proved to be a distinct success, filling a particularly pressing need.

A narrow strip of land running into Lake Superior forms the harbor of Duluth. It is about seven miles long and only four to six hundred feet wide. On this strip of land is located Park Point, an exclusive residential suburb. So narrow is the neck of land that only one street runs through Park Point. There is a trolley line connecting it with Duluth. The suburb's single street and the road leading to it are of sand.

Whenever a house caught fire in Park Point total loss was generally the result. The distance from the city and the difficulty of driving a fire engine over the sandy route made it almost impossible for the Duluth Fire Department to render effective

aid. So the development of Park Point was held back, and there was a leaning toward cheap construction, thereby marring the beauties of the suburb.

It was felt that something must be done promptly to keep Park Point from losing its caste. Under ordinary circumstances a fire tug would have solved the problem, but the shore on both sides of the point shelved far down into the lake and made it impossible for a tug to get near it. In this hour of need some one thought of pressing a trolley car into service.

The street railway company co-operated and before long an open car, the kind usually operated in summer had been converted to a fire-fighting trolley car. It carries 1,500 feet of hose and all the appurtenances of a fire engine. When a blaze breaks out on the point the car is summoned and the trouble is soon over.

than expected. Employers do not say all they think, but they detect very quickly the earmarks of superiority. They keep their eye on the employee who has the stamp of excellence upon him, who takes pains with his work.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. says that the "Secret of success is to do the common duty uncommonly well." The majority of people do not see that the steps that lead to the position above them are constructed little by little, by the faithful performance of their common, humble every-day duties of the position they are now filling.

It is doing things a little better than those about you do them; being a little neater, a little quicker, a little more accurate, a little more observant; it is ingenuity in finding new and more progressive ways of doing old things; it is being a little more polite, a little more obliging, a little more tactful, a little more cheerful, optimistic, a little more energetic, than those about you that attracts the attention of your employer and other employers also.

The two pictures accompanying this article, reprinted from Popular Mechanics, give some idea of shrapnel's mechanical construction. The one at the right shows a cross section of a three-inch shrapnel, which contains from 240 to 250 bullets.

The smaller picture diagrams what happens when a shrapnel breaks properly. During flight, at the time set, the powder charge is ignited, the bullets are scattered by the diaphragm, which closes up the powder pocket in the base of the casing.

In this powder pocket is contained the powder charge, which explodes the shrapnel. A timing device, from which emanates the flash which ignites the powder charge at some pre-determined instant, caps the shell casing and forms the nose of the shrapnel.

On firing a gun loaded with shrapnel the cartridge case is left behind. The shrapnel is projected at a high velocity, revolving rapidly in its flight

and travels as a unit until the flash from the fuse reaches the powder pocket, when the ignition of the powder charge occurs. What then happens has already been described. The shrapnel balls are scattered with a velocity which makes them very destructive within a radius of about sixty feet where the shrapnel "breaks."

A properly built shrapnel can be timed to break accurately at any predetermined distance in its flight, notwithstanding the fact that it may be traveling at a speed of 1,500 feet per second. The time fuse controlling this function is carried on the end of the shell casing and forms the nose of the projectile.

The cap of the fuse contains three slugs, or pellets, the upper one of which fits firmly into the nose of the cap and serves primarily as a cushion against which the center free-moving slug rebounds on the discharge of the gun. The free-moving slug fits loosely in the cap, so that on the instant the shrapnel leaves the cartridge case on firing it is thrown forcibly against the lower slug. This explosive slug carries on its upper end a small quantity of ignitable material which is instantly exploded with a flash when struck by the free-moving slug.

This ignites a powder train, or fuse, enclosing the inside of the timing ring and connecting with the lower of the two powder trains shown in the illustration as leading to the gun-cotton in the upper end of the powder tube.

Adjustment of the timing ring regulates the time required for transmitting the flash of the sensitive explosive on the end of the explosive slug to the powder under the diaphragm, so that the shrapnel will break at any predetermined point in its flight. This regulation is accomplished by simply increasing or decreasing the length of fuse which has to be consumed between the

Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
NO. 37.—W. M. THACKERAY; the "Failure" Who Became an Immortal Writer.

HE was the lonely little orphan son of an Englishman who had lived in India and who died there.

An child William Makepeace Thackeray was sent away from Calcutta, his birthplace, to be educated in England.

At eleven (in 1822) the forlorn child became a pupil at the celebrated Charterhouse School. The life he led there may be guessed at from the fact that he nicknamed it "The Slaughter House."

His school career was a failure.

Later he went to Cambridge University. There he got into all sorts of trouble and was finally obliged to leave college without graduating.

Another failure. After drifting aimlessly about the Continent he came back to England to study law. One more failure.

He next took up the study of art, but with little better success.

He had learned to gamble, and he was the easy prey of every sharper, notably of a blackleg whom he afterward depicted in several of his stories as "Mr. Deuceace."

When he was twenty-one Thackeray inherited a fortune of about \$100,000. The bulk of this he paid out at once to settle gambling debts he had incurred. The rest was lost in foolish speculation.

Tries His Hand at Literature.

All but penniless he now proceeded to marry.

Early in his wedded life his young wife went hopelessly insane.

The man was a failure—a failure in finance, in profession, in domestic life.

He prospered in nothing. He was the sport of every breeze of bad luck.

In 1837 he moved to London, where he tried to pick up a living by literature. From the first his writing was brilliant, strikingly original, fraught with scintillant genius. But somehow it failed to win him fame or a competence.

He illustrated much of his own work—which may have accounted for its lack of popularity (as any one will understand who is familiar with Thackeray's drawings).

He even asked leave to illustrate one of Charles Dickens's books, but was refused. (Thackeray and Dickens, by the way, in later years were enemies).

Not until he was thirty-five did the unfortunate Thackeray meet with the first taste of real success, to offset his dreary long period of failure.

It was in 1846 that he published as a serial his master novel, "Vanity Fair." It ran serially in a magazine for the next two years. In spite of the fact that he himself illustrated it the story made an instant hit. One biographer, in speaking of "Vanity Fair," says:

"When it began his name was still generally unknown. But its popularity increased with every number. And at its close he was universally classed with Dickens and Bulwer, among the foremost British novelists."

Success had arrived. Renown and a comfortable livelihood were the reward of this first hit of Thackeray's.

And the author labored hard and conscientiously to maintain the reputation that "Vanity Fair" had given him.

Never again, perhaps, did he rise to such heights of literary greatness as in this wonder novel. But he followed it with book after book which at once took their place as classics.

He won new laurels, too, as a lecturer, an essayist, a poet and an editor.

He had the rare gift of dissecting human nature, exposing its pettiness and weakness, yet condoning its faults with a kindly charity that took away much of the sting from his keen wit.

The failure of other days was now on the pinnacle of literary fame! Throughout the world his genius was acclaimed.

Nor was he ashamed of his early misfortunes. Indeed, he has woven a recital of them again and again into his stories.

At the very zenith of his fame Thackeray died—on Christmas Eve, 1865. The memory of the one-time "Failure" was honored by the placing of his bunt in Westminster Abbey. All England and America mourned his death.

Wine Laurels as Literary Genius.

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"IS YOUR family going away for the summer, already yet?"

asked Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier.

"Why, no," replied Mr. Jarr, "it's too early, already yet, as you might say. We never go away till August or September. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wish it that my wife was going away for two weeks instead of only over the night to stay with my Uncle Heyman by Brownsville," said Mr. Slavinsky with a sigh.

"You, I visit right now she was up for two weeks or a month in Solomon County in the Kittskills."

"Sullivan County in the Catskills, you mean," said Mr. Jarr.

"I guess yes," said the glazier dolefully. "But why they call them Kittskills or Catskills? My boy Shidney, what is a murderer in the moving picture, is out in Denver once and he says the cats can't live there because the mountains is too high they can't breathe. Is it so the Catskills kills cats?"

"You Yiddish, anyway," said the glazier, "but I wish my wife was there for three weeks, so I get a chance to fix things."

"Fix things what? Explain," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well," said the perturbed Mr. Slavinsky, "yesterday my wife takes the children and goes by Brownsville to my Uncle Heyman's, because it costs so much to eat at home, that what good is relations if you can't visit them? So I save the groceries and a Bepier come to my house to play auction pinochle, and Yoi! Yoi!"

"Yoi! Yoi! what?" asked the impatient listener.

"What a howling out I am going to get from my wife when she sees the dining room yet, Taurai!" cried Mr. Slavinsky, with his hand to his head.

"Wait, I tell you. Muller is smoking stogies and I get out an ash tray. It has a picture of a feller on it, a dude hugging a fine-looking lady with yellow blond hair and smoking a cigar mit

blue smoke that makes woids on the ash tray, 'May All Our Troubles End in Smoke!'"

"We ain't never used that ash tray only to put on the mantelpiece, because it looks nice, and Muller lets a match drop on it and it burst into the paint explosion and scorches all the paint off mornner's mantel room table, and burns a hole in the tablecloth and the carpet and smokes up the ceiling, and when I pour water the water runs down the floor through the ceiling into the store and the ceiling falls down to-day. Oh! Oh! Such a ash tray; it boined like gasoline!"

"It was cheap, most likely," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"And them woids on it, 'May All Our Troubles End in Smoke!'"

"moaned the glazier, "My troubles will begin with it!"

"You should have used a metal tray of some kind," said Mr. Jarr.

"I should have used glass, that's what I know now!" declared Mr. Slavinsky. "Glass is honest glass. It don't burn, and if it does break, don't it burn? So I save my money better?"

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "when you play cards at home with a bunch of roughnecks like Muller and Bepier, you should use a metal bucket—a coal scuttle preferably—and make them throw their matches and cigar butts and trash in that."

"I tried that," moaned the sorrowful glazier. "First I was into the kitchen and brought out a wooden pan and put it on the floor for them to throw things in. It was dark in the kitchen, and I don't see what I took, and after everything was over—guess what it was?"

Mr. Jarr couldn't guess.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Slavinsky.

"That's it; sure that's it!" groaned Mr. Slavinsky. "And what do you think it will cost me to clean up the carpet where it ain't burnt to holes?"

"It will cost you your marital peace," said Mr. Jarr. "If you only had time to buy a new rug and fix things up!"

"But I won't have time, Mr. Chaff," whimpered the mournful Slavinsky; "but let this be a lesson to everybody! Home ain't no place for enochment, for a good time that it don't matter what happens, we should play pinochle only in Gus's place!"

And Mr. Jarr agreed with him.

To-Day's Anniversary

WEST VIRGINIA is fifty-four years old to-day. It was on June 20, 1863, that the "secession from secession" of the people in the western part of the Old Dominion ended in the birth of a new State, with Wheeling as its capital.

The alliance of the West Virginia mountaineers with the Union had a profound effect upon the fortunes of the Confederate cause. It prevented, for one thing, the success of the plan for the invasion northward to Lake Erie. Eastern and Western Virginia had differences long before the outbreak of the Civil War. This conflict only served to bring these differences to a head.

THE INSIDES OF SHRAPNEL.

THE point at which it is ignited by the flash from the explosive slug and its connection to the train leading to the gun-cotton.

The free-moving slug strikes the powder under the diaphragm, however, and fails to strike the explosive slug when the gun is discharged, the shrapnel will not break, but explodes when it strikes a firm object.

HOW SHRAPNEL EXPLODES.